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GRANGE POEMS



VENELIA R. CASE



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



GRANGE POEMS

BY

Venelia R. Case.

If any thought of mine, ere sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

4654-10
BLOOMFIELD, CONN.

1892.

1891
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Dedication.

*To brother and sister Patrons
Of the order dear to me,
This small volume I dedicate
With fraternal love to thee;
And may it ever prove to thee
A bit of heavenly blue,
When the clouds of life seem lowering
To a deep and sombre hue.*

*And when the evenings grow longer
Or you find your tasks be less,
Should you need some recreation
Your idle hours to bless;
May you find some ray of sunshine
In this collection of leaves,
Or some gleam of hope and comfort
Scattered in among its sheaves.*

*Hoping you'll accept this tribute
With kindly feeling and grace,
And may it bring cheer to some one
Ere it finds a resting place;
May it unite us more closely
And our order wisely bless,
In the coming years of time is
The wish of the Authoress.*

VENELIA R. CASE.

Pomona, of East Central Pomona Grange.

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POEMS.

Farmer Brown and Wife.

There lived in quite a thinly-settled town
People that were kind and of good renown ;
That's where farmer Brown and his loving wife
Led an honest and industrious life.

Really nothing at all had happened there
To frighten these people or make them stare,
And so time jogged quickly on, year by year,
While happily they dwelt without a fear.

But there came a stranger to town one day
Who to these honest people plans did lay
About co-operation and the Grange ;
Being a deputy he could arrange.

But they were curious and did not know
What the Grange was or why it should go so,
And many a strange idea widespread
Because these good people were not well read.

But after awhile many studied well ;
To them, as a reward, new thoughts befell,
So when the deputy called there once more
He left a new organization o'er.

As farmer Brown came home from mill one day,
" Maria, my dear, all the people say
' They have got a Grange down at Cloverlane,'
And all the folks are just about insane.

" I vum, Maria, what is this ere Grange ?
I heard ' unity, strength, club, and arrange ' !
Probably something for policemen's use,
Some new invention that's handy and loose.

" But after all, Maria, that can't be,
For ' tis something for us farmers, you see ;
It must be some kind of cattle or cows
That need little else but bushes to browse."

Maria thought long, and said she to me,
" It is some powerful machine, may be,
For grinding out different kinds of grain,
And turning it out quickly, that is plain.

" This wonderful machine they call the Grange
Will be a great benefit and a change
From how our good forefathers used to do
Long, long ago, when inventions were few."

Farmer John thought he was nearer the right ;
But of course he and Maria didn't fight,
Because that is not the right and just way,
And, besides, what would all the people say ?

So they agreed to let the subject drop,
Until he could some man or woman stop,
And learn what they said about the matter,
Then they would again argue the latter.

Maria came home from a village call
One beautiful day in the early fall ;
Better knowledge about the Grange she knew,
For she had been visiting her Aunt Sue.

She said 'twas a secret society,
Aids farmers of ev'ry variety,
A social and educational aim,
With increasing numbers and widespread fame.

"We must join this band," so Aunt Sue said,
"But to have a goat on golden oats fed
Will be afar too antic and frisky,
And for me I think it will be risky.

"And then there is that 'old gridiron and pole,'
'And adown that long inclined plane to roll,'
Well, they will not get me, I'm sure of that!"
And she stamped her foot right where she sat.

Farmer Brown, going to the blacksmith's shop,
Passed Deacon Jones who hollered, "Hullo, stop!"
And in the time those two men sat and talked,
A person many miles good could have walked.

So when John came home from the shop that night
He had learned that the Grange was about right,
Said he, "You and I got awfully sold;
We ought to have known better, being old.

To join, Deacon Jones asked both you and I."
"Mari" said something which ended "Oh! my —"
"Jones and his wife have joined and like it much,
And I know that we both would like just such.

Speaking of joining, Maria, lets us?
I aint afraid of goats, nor all their fuss."
After earnest talking and thinking deep,
Into Grange life they concluded to peep.

In the next class of the Cloverlane Grange
Many were there, but it does not seem strange,
Because the organization is grand,
And is just what all farmers demand.

At the end of year, none more active could be,
Than John and "Mari," you could plainly see,
For they both did their parts and highly stood,
As every honorable patron should.

All about the Grange they delight to speak,
Except on their mistake, they feel real meek
Of taking the Grange for policemen's clubs,
And also a machine thro' which grain rubs.

The idea of cows and clubs confounded,
The very thought makes anyone astounded ;
But nobody else will be quite so green,
For they more of the world, perhaps, hath seen.

It is the farmers all that we advise
To join the Grange and so be truly wise :
'Tis experience and knowledge we get,
And that helps us wonderfully, you bet !

We went thro' all the secret part one night,
And with the " world-renowned goat " didn't fight,
So people, there's nothing at all to fear,
Or your waiting to come in at the rear.

The farmers are now organizing fast,
They have awakened up to it at last ;
They are putting their shoulder to the wheel ;
Soon the world this union of strength will feel.

Little Nan.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

There stood in the beautiful long ago
A modest wooden house among a row,
That spoke not of wealth, but an honest life
That the people therein led without strife.

'Twas a lovely spot in the olden time,
For near it murmured a river in rhyme;
Happy the children who played by it then,
Happier far than they can be again.

The household consisted of wife and man
And their three children, Nellie, Jim, and Nan;
Nell was the oldest, the youngest was Nancy,
To whom no one took much of a fancy.

The children grew as thus time came and went,
Till the oldest away to school were sent;
They were quick to learn and expected fame,
And their parents wished them to win a name.

As for Nancy, they expected no such;
She was often termed as "didn't know much,"
And was a very awkward and queer child,
But withal her disposition was mild.

At last came the children gayly from school;
To take up life's duties soon was their rule;
Nell decided a school teacher to be,
While in Jim an engineer you could see.

Success Nell made both afar and near by,
While upon an iron horse Jim did fly;
He studied the monster's hidden power
And loved it, like a girl does a flower.

But Nancy, like the wind, was here and there,
Down by the river's side when it was fair;
Often walking over the railroad bridge
To see her brother Jim pass by the "ridge."

Sometimes on the old black horse for a ride,
But more often on the silvery tide,
She was soon happy and ready to sing;
People said, "She never did one good thing."

One night, at dusk, she went to the river;
As she sat there, something made her shiver.
She soon quickly crept into her boat,
Then she heard voices on the air afloat.

She heard the words, "bridge, pile, and northeast
lot,"

A thought flash'd o'er her mind, it was a plot.
Into the bottom of the boat she slid,
And into a slight shadow of trees hid.

Some men were hiding near a pile of ties,
And Nan could see them if the ground didn't rise;
There the wicked robbers did "talk and plan,"
As in the papers it afterwards ran.

Nan knew it was a plan to wreck the train —
Her brother's train! it 'most made her insane;
She knew she couldn't then leave the fated spot,
Nor could she make her way across the lot.

So she waited until it darker got,
And bravely at last her way home she fought;
What she could do must be rapidly done,
Or o'er what scenes would rise the morrow's sun!

She grabbed a lantern and matches near,
And also her old red shawl with great fear.
Down to the river she flew like a bird
Without to any one saying a word.

Over the rippling waters the boat sped,
And quickly to the railroad track she fled;
She lighted her lantern and turned it low,
And placed the shawl o'er it gently and slow.

She was ready now for the coming train,
And dripping as tho' wet from driving rain;
Never had such a task come to her life,
But right gives power in every strife.

The train left the city happy and gay,
Never dreaming of villains seeking prey.
Oh! that was a happy and joyous crowd,
As their peals of laughter echoed aloud.

What a contrast to the little, lone girl
Saving these people from an awful hurl
Down into a river, so deep and wide! —
Then to the home which heaven would provide.

The robbers' thoughts were of their plundering,
As on its way the train came thundering,
Little thinking of their failure ahead,
For many, many such schemes they had led.

As quickly as the train came into sight,
Nancy eagerly swung the shawl and light
Right in the middle of the railway track,
And shouted until her throat seemed to crack.

Engineer and fireman the signal saw
Which stops all trains according to the law:
Says the sturdy engineer, "Something's wrong;
Ain't that a little child ahead there, Long?"

Echoed through the train, "Danger ahead!"
"How? what? where? what is the matter?" was
said,

For how these words thro' a person will thrill;
And ere long the train came to a standstill.

The people got off and crowded around
To find the trouble and look o'er the ground.
"I've a story to tell; there's no alarm"
Said Jim, as about Nancy went his arm.

Nancy had told Jim her simple story,
And he repeated it with much glory.
How those many people bow'd and blest her
Mortal tongue nor pen can ne'er transfer!

All was more than panic and confusion,
But for the men that were in seclusion
Search must be speedily made, then and there,
Some one must lead so that others might share.

Messengers were sent to get aid from town;
In this the village had little renown,
So passengers volunteered to go,
And they eagerly hunted high and low.

But they found not the plunderers they sought,
For they somewhere out of the way had got;
'Twas vow'd if they escaped 'twas a pity.
Ere long the train moved back to the city.

Telegrams all along the line were sent,
And unto the place a wrecking train went
To find out what would have been the matter,
And to set right all about the latter.

Near the center of the bridge o'er the stream
A small hole had been bored into a beam,
And an explosive machine set therein,
But over the top sand was scattered thin.

The rattle and jar of a passing train
Would have set it off, like a shower of rain.
The result? It would have been most frightful!
Surely a case most unjustifiable.

But what can be said of our little Nan?
That she kept right on in the same old plan,
Nor did it ever make her vain or proud,
Because the people praised her long and loud.

She received rich gifts for her noble deed,
But kept right on her simple life to lead:
Always honest, gentle, noble, and kind,
Ever as good a friend as one could find.

The three children now are all changed and grey,
And from their dear home did long ago stray;
But of these worthy children have you guessed
Which one really served the world the best?

Life.

Oh ! lightly row o'er the mystic sea,
And reflect wherever you may be ;
For life's a gift we hold from above,
Each voyage to give wisdom and love.

Life, like an ocean, is full and free,
Yet how blindly the tempests we see!
Free to choose between the wrong and right,
Oh, what a pity we have such sight!

The way that is always straight and plain
Is oft the one from which we refrain,
When wrong makes right, but do not complain,
Feeling at all times we should restrain.

Life will ever be what we make it ;
What can be gained, if we idly sit ?
One can fashion it bright and cheery,
And thus it may assist the weary.

One can polish it gently and slow,
And so do good wherever they go.
We are all here for a special use ;
To do some good there is no excuse.

We should live life with a noble aim,
If, to go o'er it, we'd do the same ;
For life is short at the very best,
And there is much to leave to the rest.

When we reach that bright and shining shore,
Perhaps we may wish we had done more.
So let us each perform, year by year,
As much good as we can in this sphere.

If this is the aim all through our life,
In this busy world of care and strife,
There will be for us, at least, this gain,
We shall not have lived our life in vain.

And will we not far more happy be,
If some noble deeds we can but see
Done by our own strong and willing hand,
While we were a dweller on this land ?

Reverie on Life.

The course of life, to many, may be a dream,
Or perhaps, at times, it thus may often seem ;
But as year after year comes and rolleth by,
We differently think, with many a sigh.

Some ways of life lead to joy and gladness,
This avenue to care, sorrow, and sadness ;
That thoroughfare windeth to gain and success,
Another showeth poverty and distress.

And thus it is the way in this cruel world
To oft have great misfortune upon us hurled ;
It almost seems, sometimes, wicked and unjust
To have such calamities upon us thrust.

But these troubles of life are not all in vain ;
They all are to fit us, while here we remain,
For that great, beautiful home of peace and love,
Toward which we all are journeying to above.

Though the good from it we often cannot see,
We by no means should shrink, or e'en try to flee ;
For surely " God above knoweth all things best,"
And we, in time, shall get our reward and rest.

We should carry all through life a noble aim,
An example that others may do the same ;
We should do some good while we may, or never,
For years come, roll on, and are gone forever.

Each and every person has their mission,
To perform they should in the best condition ;
Then naught at the final day will they regret,
When the Divine Master and they will have met.

Take courage, then, and let us do while we may,
So as not to be caught on that final day ;
And how sweet 'twill be, in a tone most fervent,
To hear, " Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Twilight.

When the shades begin to deepen
From the setting of the sun,
Oh! how pleasant is the twilight,
When the task of day is done,
To gather around the fireside
In true harmony and love;
'Tis then the angels smile upon us
From their realms of light above.

How silently come floating back
Dear old scenes of other days!
And oh! how bright they oft appear
In the firelight's dancing rays.
Faces, long ago forgotten,
Flit thro' the mind's eye, to-night,
As though from some fairy island
They stood in the waning light.

Oft sitting in the twilight late,
We weave now a garland fair;
Soon 'twill be a stately castle,
Made from ethereal air.
And oh! how often thus musing,
Come sweet strains of other days,
Friends of our early youth, perhaps,
Who once mingled in our plays.

And it is in this deep'ning shade
We cull earth's choicest flowers,
Paint the brightest of all pictures
In the lovely twilight hours ;
Make and mould our each endeavor
With the wisest skill and care,
That our lives may be most useful
In this world so bright and fair.

But oft we try to ope that door,
To which Future holds the key,
It is so near and yet so far,
Only mystery we see.
The key is hid, we know not where,
Far away from mortal ken ;
We've tried to find its hiding-place,
Over and over again.

Nature's peaceful robe of silver
Floats from out the golden red.
And how charming is that twilight,
When its canopy is spread ;
Like refreshing dew it cometh
From the east and from the west,
To revive the fainting traveler,
Onward to that home of rest.

Read at the Sixteenth Anniversary of Tunxis Grange.

We have gathered here as patrons,
A band of brothers, sisters true,
To celebrate our golden age
And the years we've bravely pass'd through.

We are the oldest in the list
Among the Granges of our State,
We do not boast of numbers vast,
But high in standard as they rate.

'Tis sixteen years ago this month
Since thirteen worthy patrons met
To organize this very Grange,
And we're proud that we have it yet.

“United by a faithful tie
They labored to improve the mind,
And thus elevate and advance
Our order, our country, and mankind.”

They aimed to stimulate more love
For our calling and our home,
To be as honorable citizens
As e'er tilled the richest loam.

Those patrons carried on their work
Nobly through sunlight and through shade;
The same advancement can be seen
Which along the line has been made.

Those grand "precepts" have been treasured
Carefully during all these years,
The progress we have steadily made
In Tunxis Grange to-night appears.

We're glad to see those older ones
Assembled with us here to-night,
Their presence gives help and cheer
In life's broad battle for the right.

We do not forget those others
Whose memory we ever love,
Those that have gone on before us
To the heavenly Grange above.

Our number now is ninety-four
Upon the roll-book one can see,
With members ranging all the way
To the very topmost degree.

Our future yet is surely bright,
One cannot help but see 'tis so,
Nature's way is ever onward!
And that's the way we're bound to go.

We have energies and talents
That may not yet have been called out,
We've not touched that hidden key which
Brings their activity about.

Granges dot the land all the way
From California to Maine,
Patrons number towards the millions,
With report of steady gain.

The Grange is what we make it, and
Should be a power in the land,
It is an educator which
The tillers of the soil demand.

Our calling is the parent art,
The source from which we receive wealth,
And far more than that, 'tis the way
We derive our very life and health.

“Let us then be up and doing,”
With our heart and hand in this work!
We shall then be noble patrons,
And never know the name of “shirk.”

And may the silken cord of love
Bind us more closely, year by year,
To our fraternal band, the Grange,
Which has this eve assembled here.

And ere we go from here to-night,
May we resolve, though ever calm,
To reach that prosperity which
Brings peace and sunshine to the farm.

Read at a "Matrons' Meeting."

Worthy Master and sister patrons most dear,
We have to-night, as usual, gathered here,
This time to entertain our brother patrons ;
If we can do, for we're competent matrons.

The night is ours and we're monarch without fear,
All you brothers will have to sit in the rear,
We can with due honor all these offices fill,
For there is a way whenever there's a will.

Did you note surprise on the faces of all,
When we so nobly answered our Master's call ?
This time the law is not put down by their word,
For they, like children, must be seen and not heard.

Our good brothers such a vigilant watch keep
Must be trying to catch a weasel asleep,
But I'm afraid they will come wide of their mark,
We are as wide awake as a meadow lark.

We see smiles and mischief in our brothers' eyes,
To-night we're equal and ever just as wise !
To see them watch for a mistake, 'tis a sight,
But we'll not say a word, they're our guests to-night.

All is below par in their estimation,
But we know we could surely rule a nation,
We are not drones in a hive, but busy bees,
One can verify the truth by what he sees.

Never was there a meeting quite up to this !
Why just look around, there is nothing amiss,
We certainly with merit have won the cake,
Most assuredly its ours and it we'll take.

How nice if some Deputy would only come,
Then old 'Tunxis would be ranked A No. One,
There's a comforting thought, sister patrons dear,
All in bright colors on record will appear.

You know we might have a nice Grange of our own,
If the men were able to run theirs alone,
But 'twould be sad to have old Tunxis go down,
After we've raised it to such a high renown.

The great mighty oaks from tiny acorns grow,
With this beginning our Grange would flourish so !
But our maids and matrons the end have foreseen,
If we depart from Tunxis, Number Thirteen.

It surely seems by this time you must have seen,
Brothers, if your eyes are very sharp and keen,
As you glance over to-night, face after face,
That we're able to fill the President's place.

I hope you, brothers, have not taken offense,
We all give you credit of having more sense !
'Tis but just and right that woman have her say,
At least when they're monarch of all they survey.

How, When, and Where.

There is an adage
Both golden and true,
Which will aid us much,
All our lifetime through :
'Tis observe with care
“ Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, when, and where.”

Whether you're at home
Or whether away,
Trouble often comes
From what one may say ;
So nurture with care,
“ Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, when, and where.”

These four modest lines
Can do one no harm,
And some day they may
Work many a charm ;
So treasure with care
“ Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, when, and where.”

The lesson is short
But its scope is wide,
And to learn it well
Should be each one's pride.
Remember with care
"Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, when, and where."

Thanksgiving Day.

We gladly hail this coming day
With joy and sadness united,
And may it prove to one and all,
A day of joy undivided ;
This custom of long, long ago,
We observe, year by year, with pride,
And to-day we can meet once more
Around the dear old home fireside.

One of the brightest spots to us,
As we journey on through life's way,
Is the meeting of dear old friends
On the renowned Thanksgiving day :
Our thoughts often drift o'er the past
To when our board numbered still more,
But 'tis ever like Thanksgiving
To those on that silvery shore.

How sweet is this old-time custom
In which we yearly take a part,
'Tis a festivity held dear
To ev'ry true and noble heart ;
Let us enjoy this privilege,
Each and all, the wisest we may,
We'll resume life's duties better
For this well-spent Thanksgiving Day.

Winter.

Old winter is here,
And never you fear,
He's coming for sure this time,
And he's laid his plan,
As well as he can,
Before he visits each clime.

He's jolly and hale,
And never doth fail
To give us plenty of snow ;
He's stern and he's kind,
And we often find
He is quite good on a blow.

As the days lengthen
Winter doth strengthen,
Which makes the weather more cold ;
He pinches our nose,
Takes hold of our toes,
And we cry out he's too bold.

There's no need of pelf,
He cares for himself,
In the same old round of ways,
He comes and he goes,
Leaving friends and foes,
He's king of all he surveys.

Christmas.

It was Christmas Eve,
And would you believe
All about my fairy dream ?
'Twas a lovely sight,
In the early night,
So very real it did seem.

There was an elfin king,
And within that ring
Stood many a fairy queen :
They had golden hair,
And a heart as fair
As ever mortal eye hath seen.

Quite short was their height,
But their robes were bright
And made in such a queer style ;
The people were blest,
Where they stopped to rest,
Adown from their fairy isle.

Their talking was slow,
Down charmingly low,
All about their work this time ;
The good to be done,
For this and that one,
Before the Christmas bells chime.

Many people need bread,
Was what one queen said,
As she took her wand in hand ;
We'll turn away want,
From many a haunt,
Before light peeps o'er the land.

We'll banish sorrow,
Before to-morrow,
From many, many a place ;
Children will be gay,
And so will the gray,
Before Christmas shows its face.

With a cheery song,
That the day ere long
Would be brightest of all the year;
They took a quick leave,
On that Christmas eve,
To do what to them was dear.

MORAL.

Were we more like them
O'er the tide we stem,
Sowing good deeds where we can;
For 'tis a pleasure,
When one has leisure,
To thus aid our fellowmen.

New Year.

Another year, another year
Has been recorded in our book;
Life's record in time will appear,
Though this thought we oft-times o'erlook;
Each day a page in life's history,
Each year a chapter very long,
About scenes that seem a mystery,
Of things that are right, others wrong.

Bid the old year that has gone out
A kindly and thoughtful good-bye;

New Year's again hath come about,
Welcome it now, for time doth fly!
New resolutions should be made
Earnestly, as they come to mind;
While the New Year is in the shade,
Fix your aim true, steadfast, and kind.

Thus one by one the years are born,
Adding to the ladder of time;
They step in, modest and forlorn,
Amid loud, merry bells that chime.
Little we know what this New Year
Will bring to us, but time will tell!
Be thankful, true, and never fear,
Surely "He doeth all things well."

Hope ☉.

Hope is one of the sweetest blessings
That brightens the course of life;
'Tis the beacon-light that oft guides us
Through each tempestuous strife;
It is to the very life of man
What the sun is to the earth,
It brightens his path beyond measure,
And ever of untold worth.

It shines forth in resplendent glory,
Scattering the dark'ning clouds

That may for a time be hovering near,
 Preparing our very shrouds ;
But it ever illumines our way,
 Just as does an evening star ;
When we are wandering in the darkness,
 Its power reaches out afar.

Hope is a sweet angel of mercy,
 That flits about to and fro,
Bringing cheer and comfort to each heart,
 Where'er she may chance to go,
Whispering the word, "Persevere,"
 Ever through sunlight and shade,
Prophesying happier times to come
 From those ruins time hath made.

Often, when life seems but a struggle,
 Hope, in the form of a dove,
Will come from some aerial height,
 Shedding comfort, peace, and love ;
Then, we'll hope on and persevere,
 Toward that precious goal of right,
Burying the darkness in the past,
 Keeping the present ever bright.

And thus it is, all thro' each one's life,
 Hope plays such an active part ;
'Tis an old-time friend and comforter,
 That reaches the human heart.

And may this guiding angel, so pure,
Cheer many a weary soul
That's tired from earthly labor, and
Seeking that heavenly goal.

The Degree of Jflora.

Oh! how beautiful and solemn
Is this lovely sixth degree,
With its sacred, hidden lessons,
All portrayed for you and me;
Oh! the impressiveness that floats
Through the chambers of the mind,
As one enters through Flora's gate,
Surpasses any of its kind.

May we nurture all her seedlings,
For knowledge gives us power,
Produces growth from ignorance,
Like plant-life from a shower;
So may we reap, when harvest comes.
From her many pearly seeds,
An ample yield, whose sheaves contain
Loving, rich, and golden deeds.

Oh! the sweet and lovely tribute,
Received from Flora's own hand,
With her golden words and precepts,
Make ours a most precious band;

As we go refreshed from her court,
Treasuring those words of cheer,
We say, down in our inmost heart,
“The Grange grows dearer each year.”

Our future home.

Heaven is a grand, celestial dwelling-place for God's immortal children. — *Henry Ward Beecher.*

It is a beautiful thought to mortals of the human
race,
To dream of that celestial home as our future
dwelling-place,—
A place so bright and fair, 'tis beyond mortal com-
prehension,
Where ev'rything is perfectness, completeness, and
attention;
A “sphere of satisfaction,” where all is harmony
and love,
Where our wrongs shall all be righted in the beauti-
ful above.
There all messages are understood, as they float
through the air,
And are caught to be heralded on by many an angel
fair,
To give cheer to some new-comer that's just from
over the tide,

And to this beautiful "home of the soul" hath
 come to abide.
A "haven of rest," where tranquility abideth each
 hour,
Yet activity is unfolded to its greatest power;
A "plain of advancement," as one performs kind
 and loving deeds,
Aiding the weary and administering to other's needs;
A realm of perfect happiness which man is destined
 to fill,
And he can attain it easily, if he but only will.

Friendship.

Friendship is an affection dear to all,
Something that is ever sweet to recall;
A golden chain, made of many a link
That binds us to earth much more than we think.
Some links are far more precious than the rest,
And hid away carefully in that chest
Where kindness and love doth forever dwell,
Down deep in that quaint, mysterious cell,
Whose walls are so sweet, so lovely, and wide;
We oft do linger there, in joy and pride,
Till it seems we are lifted from this earth,
Away to some place of much greater worth,
Where present cares seem a thing of the past,
And we sigh, "Oh! that such dreams could but last."

The shake and pressure of a true friend's hand
Is of untold worth to this human band.
Who oft is discouraged and even sad,
While a friend's kindly word can make one glad:
Such are the deeds we treasure away
In a pearly box, where there's no decay,
And they'll keep till we need friendship no more,
Or are taken with us to that golden shore.

The Dude's Mistake.

A young fop with cane, eyeglass, and gloves,
Sallied forth to make a mash;
He was not o'erblest in intellect,
And very short in his cash.

He had run down to this lovely nook,
In a charming, seashore town,
To whirl away his short vacation,
Where the ladies had renown.

While viewing himself with contentment,
He espied two maidens fair,
Laughing and chatting very gayly,
Seated in a shady lair.

He betook himself to them quickly,
And soon to talking began:
One fair one winked o'er to the other,
Behind her white, costly fan.

They kindly asked him to be seated,
Which he very quickly did,
Displayed his most fastidious airs,
Taking off his gloves of kid.

He said to himself, "What charming girls!
And oh! how lucky I am!
I could not have made a better hit,
Was I rich as Uncle Sam."

"Now, if I only play my cards good,
I can cut a nobby swell.
See how very pleased they are with me!
I'm getting on mighty well."

He chatted with them until he thought
Quite an impression he'd made,
Then asked permission of them to call,
But his airy hopes did fade.

"Yes, my friend, we'd be pleased to have you
Come and spend the whole eve through;
No doubt but what our dear husbands would
Most heartily welcome you."

He bowed his thanks stiffly and left them,
With feelings I cannot tell;
Soon he came to himself and uttered,
"That was a genuine sell!"

Springs of Saratoga.

I'm dreaming once more
I'm down by the shore
Of Saratoga's silv'ry lake ;
In the moon's clear light
What a lovely sight !
And such a grand picture 'twould make.

Methinks now it's morn,
And at the Hathorn
I'm drinking from that noted spring,
The water's so clear,
I drink without fear,
For it is a health-giving thing.

I'll have to confess,
While at the Congress,
I saw people drinking a "feast";
They sat and they stood,
Each calling it good,
But to me it tasted like yeast.

High Rock's the oldest,
And seemed the coldest
Of all the twenty-seven springs :
From a rocky cup
It came bubbling up,
And trickled o'er and o'er in rings.

The springs are so salt,
That is the great fault,
If there is any to be found ;
The Vichy has less
Than any, I guess,
That is obtainable from the ground.
No two are the same
In taste or in name,
And yet they all come from near by ;
Each one has its cure
In contents most pure,
And down in the deep earth they lie.

Drexel Cottage, Mt. McGregor.

Oh ! how sacred seemed that cottage,
On this balmy summer day,
Where our nation's pride and hero
Passed from earthly cares away.
Oh ! how silent seemed the people,
As they sadly view'd the place
Where our brave and noble soldier
Left the toiling human race.

What reverence pervaded o'er all,
As we view'd his very bed,

Saw those ample, snow-white pillows
Where rested his weary head ;
We saw his two great easy chairs
Placed together, side by side,
They were draped in deepest mourning
For him, our great Nation's pride.

One room was wholly devoted
To many forms of flowers,
Sent as a slight tribute of love,
To that great hero of ours ;
Half-burnt embers lay on the hearth
In this cottage, trim and neat,
Just as they did when he passed out
From this modest country seat.

That silent clock on the mantel
Is as 'twas stopped by his son ;
When that father's lamp faded out
The work of this clock was done.
Long will his memory live on
Down through bright ages to come —
The brave deeds of President Grant
Amount to an ample sum.

Independence Day.

Let old glory wave
O'er this Nation brave
 On grand Independence Day,
'Tis a day of note
And our flag shall float
 In ev'ry conceiv'ble way.

We are justly proud
And celebrate loud
 The freedom so bravely won,
The old muskets speak,
Though they're old and weak,
 Of what was years ago done.

The small boy is high
On Fourth of July
 Its celebration to keep,
With drum and with shout
And marching about
 He's far from being asleep.

May all of this age
Heartily engage
 In each celebration near,
May the spirit last
As in time that's past
 And make us fonder each year.

The Farmers Feed All.

Farming is an ancient calling,
Thought by many to be falling,
But people's minds doth often change,
When knowledge gets a wider range,
'Tis a high and noble pursuit,
And its followers should'nt be mute.
Of all the people, great and small,
You farmers feed them, one and all.

Farmers often work eighteen hours a day,
And then get far from ample pay ;
It is no wonder that you fret
When you such compensation get,
While others labor here and there
For shorter time and greater share.
Whether high or low, great or small,
You farmers feed them, one and all.

Farmers, 'rouse to your noble stand,
Others have rights which they demand,
Why not you have a rightful share,
When it is honest, just, and fair ?
By grangers, leagues, and other clubs,
May thy path be freer of nubs.
Whether high or low, great or small,
You farmers feed them, one and all.

Questionings.

Friend, what is the grange, I'd like to know,
That it can attract these people so ?
'Tis an order, powerful and grand,
Made up of the tillers of the land.

Why do you need it, you're well enough,
Who work in the soil that's coarse and rough?
We deserve our rights as well as you
Who depend on us all your lives through.

What have you done, will you kindly tell ?
Trying all dishonesty to quell,
Better the legislative halls to fill,
And the passage of many a good bill.

Education is one great feature
That we impress upon each creature ;
We hold principles noble and true
That one can follow all their lives through.

Tell me, ere I go upon my way,
Do you think the grange has come to stay ?
Most certainly I do, and ere long
We'll be an order, powerfully strong.

Can you inform me what is your aim ?
And I'll be much obliged for the same.
“ We all labor to improve the mind,
Our order, our country, and mankind.”

We oft' aid a brother on his way,
Toiling thro' some dark and cloudy day,
For we are a true brotherly band,
Journeying on bravely, hand in hand.

Agriculture is the parent art,
A calling that comes home to the heart,
“ 'Tis the source from which we derive wealth,”
Moreover our very life and health.

Memorial Day.

When the days begin to lessen
In the month of charming May,
Comes the thoughts so sad and holy
Of revered Memorial Day,
A day dear to all the people
In this fair, broad land of ours,
To pay a tribute of our love
In words, and deeds, and flowers.

As we cherish anew to-day,
The memory of those braves,
We weave many a lily-wreath
And place it upon their graves,
We twine about their memory
Oh! many a garland fair,
With their noble deeds all painted
On the leaves so rich and rare.

Each year brings more for us to do
To reverence what they have done,
And fewer grayer heads remain
To tell of the glories won.
Oh! may the children of this day
Learn from the brave comrades here
The duty that we owe to them
Who fought for our country dear.

Oh! were there more that we could do
To honor the soldier true,
He who fought for his country's sake
And from danger took us through.
But we can plant the dear old flag
With great tenderness and love,
Then the angels will smile upon us
From their realms of light above.

Gleanings.

He who plucks a flower now and then
As he marches on his way,
Will enjoy much of nature's beauty
As he finds it day by day.

He who notes the singing of the birds
In the morning, noon, and night,
Will see in the darkening clouds of life
Many gleams of silv'ry light.

He who loves and pets dumb animals
On their plain and honest face,
Will have feeling, love, and sympathy
For the great and human race.

He who looks upon all things wisely,
Shedding sunshine ev'rywhere,
Will be the happiest of mortals
And the freest from all care.

He who studies the meaning of life
From a broad and noble view,
Will lead a better life from knowledge
That is gained from not a few.

The New Scryant Girl.

She was short and stout
But trotted about
In a way that pleased us all,
We thought we'd a prize
Both clever and wise
In the girl that answer'd our call.

But we found too late
We'd made a mistake
In hiring this sturdy one,
We tried to o'erlook
The faults of our cook
In work she had thus far done.

All her loaves of bread
Were heavy as lead
 Tho' the yeast was of the best,
And as to her cake
We thought it would take
 The "booby prize" from the rest.

In one batch of pies
Were a lot of dead flies
 Standing out in bold relief ;
She said it was spice,
Both dainty and nice,
 But looked guilty as a thief.

With quantity weighed
Our coffee she made
 By boiling in a kettle,
The grains were skim'd out
Then oft' stirred about
 And left again to settle.

On looking around
One morn she was found
 Broiling steak on a dustpan ;
She stood at her ease
As cool as you please
 Wielding an enormous fan.

We sent her away
The very next day
For fear she would kill us all,
Many days have passed
But remembrances last
Of her who answered our call.

Those Hidden Steps.

I'm dreaming now of early spring,
And childhood's merry laugh doth ring,
As they eagerly plant each tiny seed ;
The farm can now of use be made
To execute those plans well laid,
With faith that their labor will supply each need.

I'm dreaming too of summer time,
Called in youth the loveliest clime,
With its growing life and blossoms so rare :
The farmer finds a busy life,
Wielding his hoe and pruning-knife,
But hope lightens culture and care.

I am musing now on autumn,
And with it manhood of life comes
To thus gather the fruit and ripening grain ;
Man taketh his sickle and goes
Forth to harvest that which he sows,
Aiding charity from what they obtain.

At last, in turn, winter hath come,
Bringing old age upon us some,
Since thro' this hidden winding way we past,
A feast there will awaiting be
As clear as agate we shall see
Fidelity has brought us home at last.

Memory.

What strange things our memories are !
And to the soul is a shining star,
A busybody that's never still
And able to give many a thrill,
Now and then when there's cause to murmur,
Memory is our sweet comforter ;
When in life we wrongly manœuver,
Memory is a sharp reprover.

Mem'ry is a great historian,
A penman that leaves nothing undone ;
Each person has a secret hist'ry,
And memory is in this mys'try ;
It sits in our bosom like a king,
Saying nothing, writing everything,
Watches what passes, hears ev'ry sound,
Marks the deeds that some day will be found.

When one page of the volume is done
It's turned o'er and a new one begun ;

Some letters are light and others dark
As our lives, so will memory mark.
Memory is a brilliant painter
Of pictures bright and others fainter,
Memory is the soul's storekeeper
Of knowledge true and wise a reaper.

We should aim to fill life's golden book
That o'er it 'twill be pleasant to look,
Paint bright pictures for memory's hall
That will refine and adorn its wall ;
We should treasure all things pure and true,
It will strengthen us all our lives through,
And aim to do all the good we can
Toward one and all of our fellowmen.

Memory's Pictures.

Many and grand are the pictures
That adorn memory's wall,
In that old spacious gallery
Long since known as picture hall :
They are hung with taste and order
All about this room so bright,
And when we oft go to view them,
Oh ! what a beautiful sight.

All painted on human canvas,
In colorings rich and rare,
Are found the portraits of our friends
In ev'ry niche and nook there ;
All their purity and beauty
Is shown forth in ev'ry line,
And we gaze with admiration
On these treasures, extra fine.

Oh ! the beauty that is blended
In the pictures of childhood,
The brightest is youth's early home
Just as it years ago stood ;
And we treasure it more dearly
As life's brief years come and go,
And oft we stand as if spell-bound
In those colors' magic glow.

There's another that forms a part
In the life of ev'ry one,
It is that dingy old schoolhouse
With its lessons, rules, and fun ;
We oft can trace many a trait
Formed back in those youthful days,
And as we glide along to it
It cheers us in many ways.

But the sweetest and dearest of
Memory's pictures so rare,

Is ever the one called Mother !
A face so loving and fair ;
A face that will ever guide you
Way from temptation and woe,
If you will keep it before you,
Day by day, where'er you go.

Of all the beautiful treasures
That come and go at our call,
None can surpass those portraits grand
Which hang about picture hall ;
How priceless are every one
Of these jewels to the soul ;
There's a sacredness about them
That will last long as years roll.

Only a Granger.

'Tis not he who wears fashion's latest
In the fly and flit of style,
Not he who spends time in idleness,
Discontented all the while ;

Not he who spends his time in boasting
On that which he ne'er will gain,
But he who labors diligently,
Thinking nothing is in vain.

Some only view him from his garments,
 May be a patch here and there,
While others never can get over
 The hayseed that's in his hair.

The great, clumsy cowhide boot and shoe
 That he wears upon his feet,
Is just so very detestable
 To the city maiden, sweet.

The dude oft jeers at him when in town,
 As he twirls about his cane ;
The dude ne'er thinks by that rod he shows
 The depth of his human brain.

“ Only a granger,” we hear them say,
 Perhaps they're able to tell,
It is a question worthy of thought,
 And may need pondering well.

He is Madam Nature's nobleman,
 And well skilled in all her art,
King over God's bountiful acres,
 Bringing sunshine to each heart.

How sweet to commune with Dame Nature,
 Day by day, while thus they toil,
Raising food for a world of people,
 From the rich, productive soil.

Out in the midst of the beautiful,
Where all is so fresh and fair,
Worketh he in the brightest sunlight
That soon dispelleth all care.

'Tis the most sacred place to labor,
Of any on this broad earth,
For it brings man in communion with
God, nature, and things of worth.

His manners may be uncouth sometimes,
And in his dress a defect,
But what he lacks in this respect
Is made up in intellect.

Look not at the dress if you'd rightly
Wish to judge thy fellowmen,
"For from the heart proceedeth all good,"
And is God's own wise plan.

School Days.

'Tis strange how one's mind wanders back,
O'er scenes that passed long, long ago,
'Tis queer what a wonderful knack
We have of recalling things so ;
Our thoughts float through the mist of time
Down into childhood's happy hours,
To home so plain, and yet sublime
With influence sweet as flowers.

Memory paints anew the scenes
Of the old schoolhouse on the hill,
Though many a year intervenes,
We remember it plainly still ;
The wooden benches, defaced wall,
And the broad, dingy entryway,
Thoughts from the shadowy past fall
Unnumbered on these things and play.

The children gathered, day by day,
Their young minds with knowledge to fill,
Teachers ruled by absolute sway,
And for some 'twas a bitter pill ;
O'er our books we studied at night,
Our 'rithmetic lesson to get,
Not because it was a delight,
But so the teachers would not fret.

I am there to-day in fancy,
Once more in sunny days of youth,
By my side sits seatmate Nancy,
Though really she's not there in truth ;
Thoughts come to mind of jolly Jack
Who drew all the girls on his sled,
In lessons he was always back,
But in fun of all kinds he led.

Many are the pleasant hours spent
With mates we ne'er shall meet again,

And many a link has been rent
By time, from friendship's golden chain ;
Thus they've gone from us, one by one,
To seek a home o'er sea and land,
While others' work in life is done,
And they've joined that celestial band.

The Apples of Connecticut.

The apples of Connecticut
Are noted everywhere,
From the earliest that ripen
To the kinds late and rare.
How we welcome them in summer,
All bright in red and gold !
How we prize them all through winter
Within our cozy fold !

Oh ! many a red-cheeked baldwin
Hath a cute tale to tell,
Of its home in an old orchard,
Where it ripened and fell ;
The greenings, russets, and pippins,
Could a story-book fill,
Of life in old Connecticut
On some meadow or hill.

They go to bless the sunny South,
And the glad song they sing
Tells of their glorious birthplace,
Where the farmer is king;
They go to countries farther North,
And to our Western wild,
And their good quality is known
Down to each laughing child.

Some pleasant memories arise
O'er the old apple-bee;
This meeting of lad and lassie
Made the house ring with glee;
Twirling the skins o'er their head,
Which would find them a mate,
And counting of those nut-brown seeds
Would determine their fate.

After the paring was over
Came the old fiddle and bow,
The way those contras were gone through
Wasn't often very slow.
Those gatherings were ever free
From formality and style;
They entered into enjoyment
Most heartily all the while.

When the time arrived for parting,
Found all ready for a start;

Each lad had stolen some lassie
That was most dear to his heart.
Often, to make the journey short,
They'd sing some jolly old song,
Then they would take the longest route,
So as to make the way long.

Daily Cares.

How dreary would the sailing be
Along through life's mystic river;
How often would we try to flee,
And turn with many a shiver,
If we knew naught about that home, —
The home so beautiful above,
Where no wanderer shall need roam
To seek that comfort, peace, and love.

In this land near by, we are told,
They know not earth's sorrows and pain;
And there is a place in this fold
For ev'ry child of God to reign.

This reward is worth the struggle,
As we journey on year by year;
With such hopes we can be faithful,
While our friends watch over most dear.

Our Duty.

Ask thyself at each sun's last ray,
What's been thy life throughout this day,
Have we been careful as we ought
In the various duties wrought?
What good deeds have we left undone,
At close of the bright, setting sun?
Have we been busy all day long,
Doing good to a worldly throng?

Ask thyself what knowledge we sought
That will enrich the fount of thought;
Have we ever helped a weary soul,
That was struggling on to its goal?
What kind word have we left unsaid,
That, perhaps, might a faint heart fed?
Do we always speak kind and true,
As you'd have others do to you?

If you have friends, treasure them now,
Don't wait till wrinkled be their brow;
If they are friends, both kind and rare,
Tell them ere time tinges their hair;
If you love these friends, tell them so,
'Twill make their burdens lighter grow.
We have but one life to live here,
And the "Angel Change" dwelleth near:
May each one's light shine out afar,
Like the rays from an evening star.

A Retrospect.

'Twas nine o'clock by the railroad time,
And we listened to its merry chime
While waiting for our friends on the way,
That were to join us without delay.

Quite soon all were ready for a start,
Gay was their manner and light their heart ;
Concerning this there was nothing strange,
All were bound for Glastonbury Grange.

Soon, on the road, these persons were seen
Going southward thro' East Hartford Green ;
On down that broad street, straight thro' the sand
That covers the surface of the land.

Hope shone on their faces, you could see,
Attending Pomona Number Three.
They persevered too while on the road,
'Till they came to a man upon a load.

Were told, "if we had not any foes,
To keep right on and follow our nose ;"
"To keep in view the telegraph line,"
Which, as a guide, was really quite fine.

No joking, we're glad we went that day,
The grange is far more than mere child's play ;
"'Tis nonsense," so oft people doth say,
But where there's a will, there is a way.

All can enjoy a brotherly chat
On agriculture and this and that;
Also, about things that ever ought
To bring jewels from the fount of thought.

That City Farmer.

A man, stylish and witty,
Came one day from the city
To look at a farm across the street.
He liked the place fairly well,
Said he was coming to dwell
With his family in this country-seat.

Said they all needed pure air,
And it would lessen his care
If they were out in this mountain breeze.
He thought farming was such fun,
From morn 'till the set of sun;
He would name the place right off, Heartsease.

The folks that came to Heartsease
Were settled snug as you please,
And soon at operations began.
By their neighbors 'twas soon seen,
That at farming he was green,
And not an agricultural man.

He thought half the farmers fools
For having so many tools,
And said 'twas only wasting money,
They did not need half they had,
And he was heartily glad
That his brain was not so funny.

But it was within one week,
That he came along so meek,
And asked the loan of the farmer's spade ;
He said his pigs had got out,
And would be chasing about
Until a new post-hole could be made.

One morn he came again,
And badly wanted the men
To show him how to yoke his cattle ;
Said he had worked half the morn,
And looked both meek and forlorn,
As tho' he had had a tough battle.

With the cattle yoked, he now
Set forth to the field to plow,
Thinking the greater task had been done ;
But the oxen were young steers,
Not advanced enough in years —
Kicked up their heels, and how they did run !

Little was left of the plow,
And the look on the brow

Of the poor farmer left far behind,
Was quite pitiable to see ;
And the way he hollered Gee,
Was most likely to relieve his mind.

Heartsease is again to rent,
For the other tenants went
Soon after that unfortunate feat.
Their health did so much improve,
That they decided to move
Back down to their city life so sweet.

“There are no Tears on the Cheek of the Dying.”

A traveler, on leaving home
To visit some foreign land,
Finds, when he's about to leave port,
Shaking those many friends' hand,
A tear of regret in his eye,
As he stands with them on shore,
Bidding kind farewells for a time,
As he had oft done before.

Speedily these thoughts are buried,
As his mind begins to float
To those eager friends waiting there,
The arrival of the boat.

Thus he has sight of his landing
Pictured in the brightest hue,
Before that dear home of his is
Entirely hidden from view.

With these happy thoughts, parting tears
Of regret are chased away
'Till the face beams with contentment,
And the sun adds joy each day ;
A smile of anticipation
Creeps over his once sad face,
At the thought of those dear old friends
There in that far away place.

Thus the departure of life from
The earthy tenant of clay,
Is like unto this sea-voyage,
Sailing peacefully away.
Present distress is forgotten
In that sweet " vision " of peace,
And forms a smile of contentment
Ere the heart's faint beatings cease.

May be the reason why there are
No tears on the dying cheek,
Is, ere the " vital spark " goes out,
They oft view that " port " they seek.
The last thought that flits thro' the mind
Leaves a look so calm, so fair,

“That smile of ineffable peace
Which the dead generally wear.”

This “transition” seems the last stroke
To the sculptor’s plastic clay,
Fitting man for his future home,
“That lieth just o’er the way ;”
The last touch upon the picture
By the artist’s skillful hand,
Bringing that “halo of glory”
“To earth’s tired heaven-bound.”

Gems.

In thinking of my kind friends to-night ;
I truly say in my heart,
God’ guide and bless them all forever,
They’ve acted a friendly part.

The wide-spreading oak from little acorns grow,
Evil weeds in our heart doth flourish just so,
We cultivate the soil so that plant life will start,
We should outroot weeds from the soil of our heart.

A very sad but solemnly true text,
Friends that we meet this year we may not next.

Knowledge is an ancient sculptor,
That polishes the mind and soul,
Shows many a hidden pathway,
That leads to some appointed goal.

Know we not when change will appear,
But people change as all things change here.
Time repeats her works and scenes never,
Years roll on and are gone forever,
Sometimes leaving only but a trace
On her children, of the human race.
But more often the imprints are deep,
Lasting 'till many have gone to sleep.

May a three-fold blessing of health, wealth, and love,
Illumine thy pathway with light from above,
And may you as you journey on thro' this life,
In our broad busy world of sorrow and strife,
Find all the happiness this world can bestow,
And "Give praise to Him from whom all blessings
flow."

Each alone must shape his future,
God gives us the power and skill,
But we oft can aid a brother
In some mission he strives to fill.

In guarding against great dangers of this world,
We note not smaller ones in our pathway hurl'd,
Until they have us by a very firm clasp,
Then we haven't power to let go from their grasp.

Of all the good things made of flour and yeast,
All's not complete for a glorious feast,
Unless there is some old-fashioned loaf-cake,
Which no one like grandmas know how to make.

Earth's clouds have their silver lining
Interwoven with brightest blue,
Other clouds with gold are shining,
With sister clouds of other hue.

May many a leaf
In life's golden sheaf,
Be pruned of its growth of weeds,
We need, as of yore,
This training, before
One can perform noble deeds.

'Twas through, I think, some brotherly tie,
A secret shake of the hand,
It was plain those two men belong to
That ancient Masonic band ;
Saw no square and compass or keystone,
Nor any other queer display,
Neither did I hear Pleyel's Hymn sung,
But these brothers have a way.

Lots of trouble, lots of pain,
Little sunshine, little rain,
To us doth befall ;
Now we're sad, and now we're gay,
Now there's work, and now there's play,
That cometh to all.

Look around you every day,
But note not what people may say,
Follow thine own appointed way,
Then success will know no decay.

The sun rises and sets each day,
But oft meets with clouds that o'ercasts its face ;
Life's mixed with that golden and gray,
The lives of our great and glorious race.

Golden thoughts gathered here and there
 Make a golden casket,
And will shine more than diamonds
 On many a fair form.

If you carry sunshine with you,
You can outshine the darkest clouds
That arise among earth's people,
Along the road of existence.

Each weary traveler that
 You chance to meet
Will have some long story
 Of woes to repeat.

Winds, bearing impossibilities,
Come from the north, south, east, and west,
Bringing such keen blasts, that Ambition
 Is often crushed into unrest.

Half the trouble we expect
 Never comes to us at all,
Yet we spend much time in worry,
 For fear something may befall.

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Education is that great table
From which people each day eat;
And after the repast, as much remains
As before the eating.

Politeness is a golden thread
Woven into the web of life,
Bright'ning the sombre strands of strife,
That so to each other are wed.

Kind deeds blossom into
A beautiful flower,
Whose petals give forth such
Rare, sweet fragrance each hour,
That wretchedness and want are
Dissolved by its power.

Sleep.

Many are the hours we spend in sleep,
Day by day, year after year;
If we were to keep a life account,
A vast number would appear.
We would be surprised beyond measure
That so much of life seemed lost,
But we are thinking of the balance,
Ere we reckon up the cost.

If there were no refreshing showers
To produce growth from the seed,
Could we expect a golden harvest
To reap from, in time of need?
What would those remaining hours be worth
If we had spent none in sleep?
Could we follow the paths of duty,
And God's virtuous laws keep?

Thus, sleep is a refreshing shower
To man's body, soul, and mind;
Nature's mysterious remedy
In potations, sweet and kind.
Could we ever keep on journeying
Through the bitter ills of life,
If there were no peacefulness in sleep,
No tonic to sweeten strife?

Sleep is one of our sweetest blessings ;
Nothing with it can compare ;
It brings us new strength for labor, and
Crushes out our deepest care ;
It eases our ev'ry grief and pain
Clasped in its loving embrace,
And everywhere is a blessing
To the erring human race.

Those Troublesome fowls.

An oily-tongued chap
In sack-coat and cap,
Came in upon us one day :
Was selling new stock,
Not old Plymouth Rock,
But fowls that knew how to lay.

They were the best kind
You anywhere could find,
For laying, eating, and all ;
Were easy to keep,
With the price not steep,
If we'd order some, he'd "fall."

Said they would not fight,
And showed pictures bright
Of those called Cochin Gold-beak ;
He'd made up his mind
To sell this pet kind,
If he had to spend a week.

We ordered a few
Of his kind so new,
To keep our own in good trim ;
He'd send them by freight,
Boxed up in a crate,
Then we'd remit pay to him.

They came in due time
From some far-off clime,
These hens with gold beaks and toes ;
We'd have sent them back
In the self-same sack,
Had we known our future woes.

The fowls all looked old ;
And as for the gold,
They were coarse, long-legged things ;
They had eyes like owls,
These gold-beaked fowls,
With no body, but all wings.

They spoiled the flowers
In a few short hours,
As tho' 'twas so many grains;
The ladies were mad,
And said they had had
"All that labor for their pains."

They were fed the more
Than ever before,
So they wouldn't go quite their length :
But the more they ate
Thus increased their weight,
So for scratching gave more strength.

They plowed with delight
From morning till night,
In dooryard, garden, and field,
With drum-sticks so long,
And golden beaks strong,
They vigorously did wield.

They forgot to lay
For many a day,
On coming to this new place;
Their eggs were so small,
Each might have been called
A tiny Japanese case.

When they came to set,
One could not help fret,
For they always broke their eggs
Ere ten days were past,
Each nest, like the last,
Was all broken by their legs.

Once, while short of meat,
We killed one to eat,
But it was so strong and tough!
We cooked it two days,
In different ways,
Then that was hardly enough.

We ate half a meal,
And then each did feel
They had eaten far too much;
The cats had the best,
And the dogs the rest,
And we judged they didn't like such.

Disgusted at last,
Those fowls we cast
Into some boiling water;
We gave them one look,
Their jackets we took,
And not long did we loiter.

We took them away
The very next day,
Down to the nearest city :
Some woman will scold,
And call some man bold,
And 'twas almost a pity !

Those chicks we couldn't keep,
For we scarce could sleep,
They added so many cares ;
We buy of no chaps
Who wear neat cloth caps,
And do not display their wares.

Music.

Music is those melodious strains,
Which wake the better soul of man,
From his lethargy of higher things,
Up to the plane of God's own plan.
Music is harmonious vibrations
That o'er the body come stealing,
Ever producing tranquility,
Which affects man's finest feeling.

Music hath the power to soften
The most obdurate heart of man,
Bringing those kindly, hidden feelings
To the face, as nothing else can :
For, who can hear melodious chords
Coming in tones both sweet and low,
Without receiving some influence,
As those rich sounds thus come and go.

Music hath the power of seeming
To lift one far away from earth :
Away to some realm most beautiful,
Where ev'rything is of great worth ;
Off where no sorrow entereth in
To despoil the magical spell,
With its islands of lovely flowers,
Where singing birds forever dwell.

Thus music hath the power to charm
Man and creature beyond measure ;
'Tis suitable on all occasions,
And always welcomed with pleasure ;
'Tis ever an enlivening pastime
For the young and old, day and night ;
Through the art of a skillful ear and hand
'Tis almost a heavenly delight.

Angelina's Sunshine.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The wintry blasts went whistling by,
Nearly freezing every one;
Snow came down upon Mother Earth
Long before the set of sun.
Old King Mercury had crept up
To a high and honored seat;
There he sat in all his glory,
Laughing at those on the street.

But people in the falling snow
Were not so happy and gay;
The cold kiss'd them far too fondly
On that dreary, snowy day:
Among the poor little children
Forced to earn their daily bread,
Was one, a brave knight, or hero,
Called by many "Honest Ned."

This boy lived with his maiden aunt
In quarters both trim and neat;
There they lived in simplicity,
Trying to make life complete.
This aunt had done for the orphan
All in her humble power,
While the boy, in turn, was to her
A joy and sunshine each hour.

He was called "Aunt Lina's Sunshine,"
By herself and many more,
From his cute childlike devotion,
And his simple childish lore ;
His little head devised quaint schemes
Which helped her many a way,
Tho' boys always dearly love fun,
. He was seldom seen at play.

He went forth to-night as usual,
With a heart so brave and bold,
To perform his daily duties,
Trying not to think 'twas cold ;
But his clothing was far too thin
To keep out those chilling blasts,
But he clung to his great bundle
Like the sailors to their masts.

How he eyed the lighted houses
With their comforts and their joy,
Long to be by some cozy fire,
Just Aunt Lina and her boy ;
Wished that winter would take himself
Far away for evermore,
To some land at least as distant
As Iceland's farthest shore.

Thus on 'till he thought by some fire
He stood, warming his numbed hand,
While off in the distance came such
Sweet music as from a band.
Then, Where can my Aunt Lina be?
Oh! I wish she too were here,
I should be so very happy
If she could only be near.

He had battled the storm bravely
On that wild and tedious night,
All his strength had been exhausted
In that ceaseless toilsome fight.
A gentleman from 'cross the street
Saw the lad stagger and fall,
And came to his timely aid,
But it was heaven's own call.

He was called beyond that city
Whose streets were so filled with snow,
To that heavenly nursery
Where all little children go;
Far away from those cold winters,
In a place superbly fine,
Dwells that great but little hero,
Call'd yet "Aunt Lina's Sunshine."

The Old Kitchen Clock.

Of all the good old farmer's children,
I am counted among the rest,
For I do my share of the labor,
And always mind the very best ;
Arise the earliest each morning
To tell this good old gent the time,
Then back to my appointed duty,
Mimicking some musical chime.

Sometimes they smile upon me sweetly,
As their gaze lingers on my face,
But I give back the self-same look
At whatever may be the case.
But sometimes they will gaze upon me
With a face so full of despair,
That I do just long to relieve them,
Or, at least, half the burden share.

I'm with them in summer and winter,
Thro' brightest sunlight and deep shade ;
Watched the children grow up from childhood,
And the color from the cheek fade :
Note the peace and harmony around,
With my ever wide-open eyes,
Hear the father's amusing stories,
And mark the mother's teachings wise.

I am often left to keep the house
When the family are away,
And I do my work most faithfully,
Never once shirk my task, or play ;
And they always know where to find me,
Right in my cozy corner seat,
And when they enter that old kitchen,
My cheery welcome I repeat.

Oh ! how sweet is that dear old kitchen
To the inmost walls of my heart,
Since I've known anything about time,
That room has formed the major part ;
And the good old farmer's family
Is also very dear to me,
I have dwelt with him many a year,
So the reason is plain, you see.

Now you know why I do my duty,
And never anybody mock ;
Each one has their own special mission,
And I'm the old family clock.
I toil day and night, year after year,
Oft get tired, but never sick,
There I stand in all my glory, and
Modestly say to all, Tick, tick.

The Farmer's Family.

Oh ! happy should the farmer be,
As he tills the deep rich soil,
Doing a world of good as he
Goes about his daily toil ;
Oh ! what comfort there is to him
In his fam'ly, good and true,
Those of his own precious household,
Those in his barns not a few.

Even the creatures in his barn
Have a corner in his heart,
And he speaks with joy and pride,
Of his cattle on the cart ;
They all know his very steps as
He comes whistling along,
It would make no difference were
The farmer singing a song.

Often, when going to feed them,
A musical moo he hears,
Repeated oft and oft again,
'Till before them he appears ;
The honest cow, sheep, and the pigs,
And even the little calves,
Give him a most gladsome welcome,
Not manifested by halves.

But the pride of all is the horse,
If he be gentle and true,
He is petted by the farmer,
And by his family too ;
They love his kind and honest face,
And oft teach him cunning tricks.
Even animals should be ruled
By kindness, rather than kicks.

What a comfort to the farmer
In his quiet happy home,
Dwelling there in peace and plenty,
On his own acres of loam.
Oh ! how cheery to be seated,
When the toils of day are done,
To see his children, dog, and cat,
Engaged in some childish fun.

It makes that dear old farm of his
Seem dearer than ere before,
As he asks himself once again,
Ah ! what could I wish for more ?
Isn't this filling the aim of life ?
Gaining knowledge, wisdom, and truth,
Living in peace with man and creature,
Since the early days of youth.

The Old Home.

This cannot be the dear old home
Which I left when a boy to roam,
To seek fortune o'er land and sea,
Without knowing which way to flee !

No, no ! 'tis further on, I know !
Or is it that things have changed so,
I know not my old beloved home,
With bursting acres and rich loam ?

Thus murmured an elderly man,
As back o'er hist'ry mem'ry ran ;
His step was slow and his hair gray,
While walking in this month of May.

His eye was lit with a kindly light,
As if in expectance of some sight ;
Probably that home, sweet home of his,
Was what illumined his noble phiz.

Forty-five years or more had past
Since he had seen the old place last ;
Far away he had spent his life,
Gaining a fortune 'mid worldly strife.

He had been blest by fortune's wheel,
And now at leisure he did feel ;
So back he came to his native place,
But he knew it not, nor one face.

Thus we find him in reverie sad,
Thinking when he was but a lad ;
How from all care he was so free,
And happy as any child you see.

Yes, this must be the dear old spot !
And about is the old home lot ;
The house is old and gone to decay,
But the people I left, where are they ?

My parents dwell on that shining shore,
And I know their labors were long o'er,
For I, myself, am growing old,
And soon will go to that land of gold.

Of brothers, sisters, I can't say,
But I shall meet them all some day ;
Some may be married, others dead,
But all are scattered now and fled.

But the dear old place is here yet !
And either to be sold or let ;
I will purchase it at any price,
Whether farms be low or at a rise.

There stands the very same old well !
I wonder how oft the pail's fell
And brought up water to us all,
And especially at mother's call ?

There are scars on the old maple tree,
And even the swing I still can see
Going to and fro, to and fro,
So high and low, and fast and slow.

How I recall those old stone steps
Where us children ate from the depths
Of huge bowls, such good bread and milk,
Far more enviable than silk.

“ Turn backward, O time, in your flight,
Make me a child just for to-night ! ”
Childhood was gay, so free from care,
And such times now are very rare.

I went to town and people sought,
But they all knew me, knew me not,
Their faces all were strange to me,
No, not one I knew, did I see.

Can you imagine how grief swelled,
To thus come back where once I dwelt,
And be a stranger in the land
Where once you were one of the band ?

But the old homestead I shall buy,
And shall keep it until I die,
For 'tis a treasure of my soul,
And shall be long as years shall roll.

There's where my happy days were spent,
It shall ne'er be a house to rent,
For 'tis a treasure of my heart,
And with it never shall I part.

I have been in the East and West,
But at my dear old home I'll rest ;
Men, if they like, afar may roam,
But, after all, there's no place like home.

In Memoriam.

May we cherish in memory
Those brothers and sisters dear,
Who labored with us for a time,
But since have been called from here
To that great and eternal Grange,
By the silent "Angel of Change."

We should speak with kindly feeling,
Of their life spent here below,
It will cheer some sorrowing friend,
If you will only let them know
Their friend's good work lives after they
Have passed from earthly cares away.

May we keep their memory green
In the garden of our heart,
'Tis a duty that we owe them,
If we'd act a friendly part,
Journeying up those steps of time
Which lead to that celestial clime.

THE END.





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